

\$1000.00 PRIZE CONTEST—(INQUIRE WITHIN)

# Life



*Commuters'  
Number*



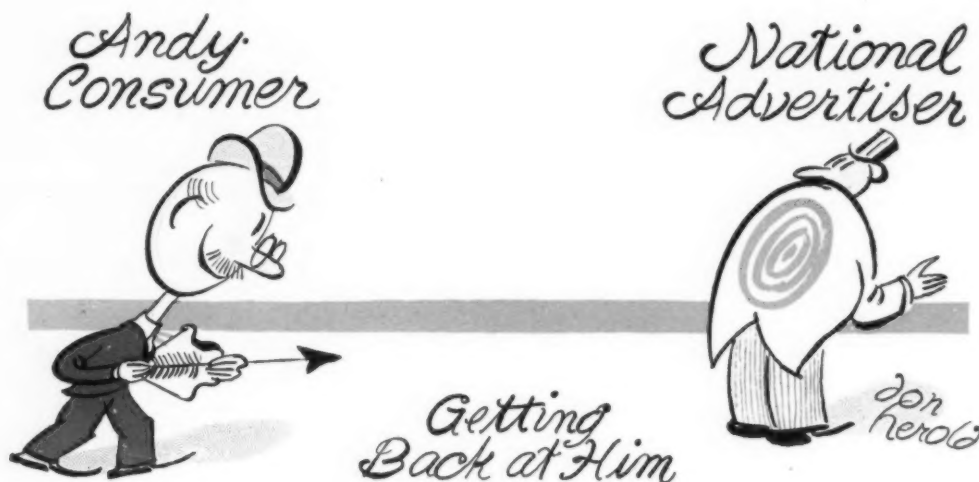
JAMES HORTON/CLAY FLAGE

FEBRUARY 12, 1925

*The 8:15—or Bust!*

PRICE 15 CENTS

N



## THE FIRST AD EVER WRITTEN BY A CONSUMER

THIS is the first time in history that a consumer has advertised to advertisers.

Fellow consumers, listen in.

If you want to hear a little guy say some things to some big birds, listen in.

Up to now, advertising has all been on one side—their side.

Here is where advertisers find out how it feels to be advertised to and at.

Well, you big advertisers and big manufacturers and little manufacturers, I just want to tantalize you a little this week. Next week my campaign starts.

You have teased me like this. Just suffer until next week.

*Andy  
Consumer*

THE NATIONAL ADVERTISER BETS HIS ADVERTISING MONEY THAT HIS PRODUCT IS RIGHT

*M It's a Great Automobile!*

## Your choice of three standard Marmon Closed Cars at *virtually open car price*

PRODUCING fine closed cars at virtually open car price, Marmon does not limit your selection to one type or attempt the impossible feat of standardizing beauty. Specifically, Marmon offers you

- a genuine, five-passenger Sedan, with four (4) doors, at only \$130 more than the open car
- a genuine, five-passenger Brougham-Coupe, with four (4) doors at only \$130 more than the open car
- a genuine, seven-passenger Sedan, with four (4) doors at only \$205 more than the open car.

These cars are not "coaches" and should not be confused with that justly popular type.

It is the Marmon principle of quality that, in closed car design, four doors are indispensable, just as a full-width, undivided front seat, fine upholstery and staunch construction are indispensable.

Marmon believes that quality buyers still want quality. Under the New Marmon Program, Marmon has found a way to give it to you at virtually open car price.

These cars have identically the same chassis and engine which go into the New Marmon de luxe models—the same chassis and engine on which Marmon has concentrated for years, but with many new advancements and refinements.

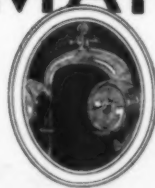
**M** Prices of New Marmon (Series 74) \$3165 to \$3975  
f. o. b. Indianapolis, exclusive of tax

Cars may be purchased on convenient deferred payment plan if desired



The New MARMON Four-Door Brougham-Coupe

# The NEW MARMON



**M** Also—

A comprehensive selection of new De Luxe body styles permitting intimate expression of personal tastes

ONLY  
PACKARD  
CAN BUILD A  
PACKARD



*For*  
**Twenty-Five  
Years**

For a quarter of a century, Packard has been building cars of the highest quality for that portion of the public that demands the best at any price.

Today, from the position of leadership that has been so generously accorded, Packard celebrates its Silver Anniversary by making it possible for more men and women to

have the car of their dreams.

Now, for the first time, one may buy standard enclosed models of highest quality at actual open car prices.

Revised prices recently announced offer an average reduction of \$750 on the enclosed models of the Packard Six—for example, the price of the Seven Passenger Sedan is reduced \$840.

*Packard Six and Packard Eight both furnished in ten body types, open and enclosed. Packard's extremely liberal time-payment plan makes possible the immediate enjoyment of a Packard—purchasing out of income instead of capital.*

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



## Time-Savers for Commuters



**MONEY ROLL REEL**

WORN ON THE BACK; ENABLES THE WIFE TO TAKE WHAT SHE NEEDS WHILE GETTING HER GOOD-BY KISS.

## From the Badd Manor "Weekly Star"

MISS ESTELLE FAYRE and Mr. Futile Hope made great hits in the leading rôles of the Badd Manor Players' production of "Romeo and Juliet." Ye scribe heard many comments on their love scenes. Fine work, say we.

Mrs. Futile Hope left yesterday for her parents' home, being summoned unexpectedly by her mother's illness.

Mt. View need not complain that Badd Manor matrons do not support its charitable causes. At the Rummage Sale for the Mt. View Grown-Up Sisters' Fund last Tuesday ye scribe saw Mrs. Scant Coyne of here making purchases.

Mrs. Scant Coyne is entertaining at a bridge luncheon this afternoon. Costly prizes from an exclusive New York shop will be given the lucky winners.

At Town Meeting Wednesday night complaints were voiced of the noise made by heavy automobile trucks in Main Street early in the morning. It was voted to appoint a successor to Joshua Wise, our energetic motorcycle cop, who resigned last month after having been on night duty for a year. The same salary, \$800 annually, will be paid.

Three new apartment houses will be built here by Joshua Wise, former motorcycle policeman, at a cost of \$105,000. Mr. Wise believes in Badd Manor. That's the way, say we.

*James K. McGuinness.*

## Futility

WHEN the talk about World Peace and Disarmament and Brotherly Love is loudest, some one always starts shooting in Herrin, Illinois

# Life

## A Sour Valentine to the World

OF all the Globes and Planets you're the worst,  
A muddy, slushy, gas-inflated bubble!  
I'd kick you if I wasn't sure you'd burst  
And mess up everything with dirt and rubble.  
You whirling dervish whizzing through the sky,  
I wonder who you think you are—and why!

"The Great Round World" it is you think you are,  
The Solar System's wonder, pride and pattern?  
Why, look at any halfway-decent star  
Like Betelgeuse or Jupiter or Saturn  
And run away and hide! Your poles are flat  
And most of you is water, salt at that.

A stuck-up, topsy-turvy bowling-ball,  
You think you're awful smart; you think you're clever.  
You don't see fit to notice me at all?  
Who cares! You can't do anything whatever  
Except keep spinning, spinning like a top  
Because you haven't sense enough to stop.

You crazy old tee-to-tum tipped askew  
To tilt off lunatics that walk upon you,  
Don't dare to answer back! for if you do,  
Look out, you tramp, I'll sick a Comet on you;  
I'll call an Asteroid to make you run!  
Go on and chase yourself around the Sun!

*Arthur Guiterman.*

## Love Is Deaf

IN my life I have had three loves, in all.  
My first did nothing but talk, and I soon wearied of her.  
My second merely listened, and I wearied of her even sooner.

But my third and I adored each other so much that neither of us spoke a word.

*C. G. S.*



**RUNS ON WEEK DAYS ONLY**

# Life



# Lines

THE latest bullet-proof shirt will stop a shot fired at five paces, recent tests have proved. The final test will be made when it is sent to the laundry.

Reports from Washington announce that EVERETT SANDERS, the new secretary to President COOLIDGE, was born in a log cabin. This is opening the 1928 campaign a bit early.

The current Army Appropriations Bill carries an appropriation of \$15,000 to be "expended by the Secretary of War in erecting a fitting marking of the

burial place at Bardstown, Ky., of Lieutenant JOHN FITCH, soldier and inventor." JOHN FITCH died in 1798. The postal employees who were refused a living wage because of the need for economy will no doubt be pleased to know that some of the money they do not get is to be expended in such a useful cause.

Also—it's a good thing for the memory of JOHN FITCH that Kentucky voted Republican in the last election.

Bricklayers and jazz band players now get fifteen dollars a day, and the brick-

layers would be worth it if they would throw the bricks at the jazz band players.

Add Safe, Wholesome Sports: Standing trial on bootleg charges in New Jersey.

It seems that every time they send a rich bootlegger to jail he meets himself coming out again.

A Texas woman who was married by telephone has just obtained a divorce. We hope the operator didn't forget to say, "Excuse it, please."

Congress has lately considered, and favorably, a resolution to permit certain officers of the Marine Corps to accept decorations from the Government of Haiti for the splendid work that they have done (with the help of God, of course) in pacifying that island. We wonder whether the German Government is finding it difficult to force Iron Crosses on those gallant poilus who have spent four weary years policing the Ruhr.

The Allies would like to know what they will get out of Germany, and the Germans would like to know when they will get out.

The former Empress ZITA is said to have ambitions to place her son on the throne of Hungary. The first thing to do is to find the throne.

Some surprise is expressed that a seat on the New York Stock Exchange sold recently for \$101,000. It must have been on the fifty-yard line.

Health Commissioner FRONCZAK, of Buffalo, estimates the rat population of that city at 560,000—which is just enough to fill all the horizontal squares labeled "rodent."

There is cause for alarm in the report of LIFE's chief statistician which discloses that in the first six weeks of 1925 the total output of crossword puzzle jokes dropped off more than thirty-five per cent.

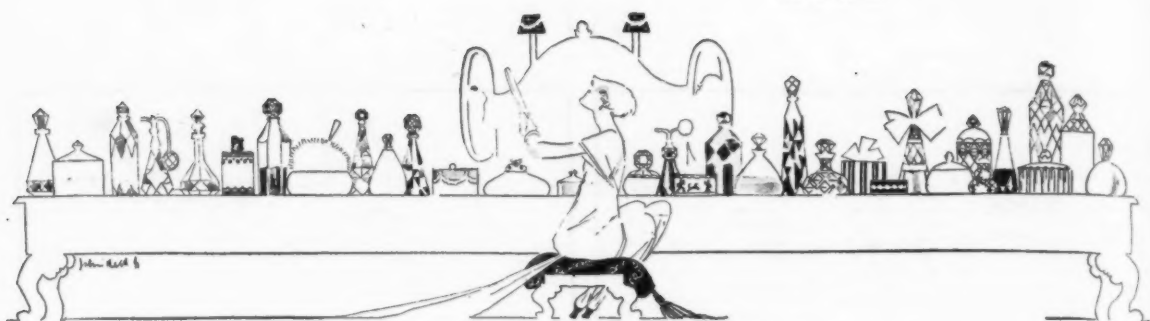


Kindly Woman: YOU SHOULD BRACE UP, MY MAN; THINK OF WHAT YOU OWE TO SOCIETY.

Derelict: I DON'T OWE SOCIETY NOTHIN', LADY. WHAT DO YOU THINK I BEEN DOIN'? PLAYIN' BRIDGE?



The Slave



AT LAST—A PROPERLY PROPORTIONED DRESSING TABLE

### Why Plays Should Begin in the Middle

FOR a long time we lived in the suburbs and had to leave in the middle of the last act to get the last train home. All the Broadway successes ended, for me, about like this: ...“I’ve decided to tell the truth and explain the whole mystery.”

...“Hide behind that curtain and when the ‘Vampire’ comes in, we’ll corner it and solve this horrible mystery.”

...“Don’t shoot till I give the word.”

...“I can’t ask you to marry me, but I want you to know I love you.”

...“You might as well confess. The jig is up.”

...“With your kind permission I will now perform my death-defying leap from balcony to stage, holding the little girl on my shoulders.”

So we finally decided to move into town, where my wife could be comfortably late to every play. Now the shows begin, for me, about like this:

...“But has any one found us out?”

...“I can’t stand it any longer. How could you?”

...“Yes, and the master’s beginnin’ to ‘ave ’is suspicions, too.”

...“Ha! Ha! And now let me ask you a question.”

...“That’s what they say, and yet she dares to come here.”

...“I’ll never forget it. It haunts me day and night.”

...“Yes, I’ll do it. Leave it all to me.”

Mostly we go to the movies and sit through two shows.

S. W.

### A Poser

WIFE (*doing her crossword*): Dearie, how do you spell “La Follette”?

HUSBAND (*doing the dishes*): L-a-F-o-l-l-e-t-t-e.

WIFE (*still crosswordy*): That won’t do. Who was another French premier?



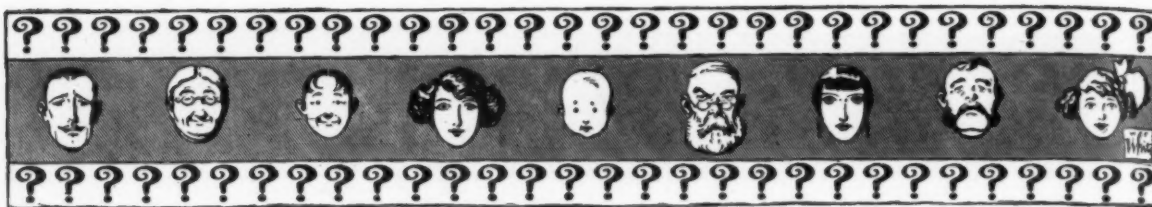
Deacon Spriggs: YOUNG MAN, WHY DO YOU SPEND SO MUCH OF YOUR TIME STANDING AROUND ON THE STATION PLATFORM?

Youth: WAL, A FELLER GETS TIRED OF JES’ DOIN’ NOTHIN’.





A BAD ACTOR



## Prize Question Number Three

FULLY aware of the complexity, not to say the weightiness, of the issues involved, LIFE here-with plunges headlong into the international situation and invites its readers to join in a free and fair discussion of the problem of France and her war debt.

"Shall we cancel the French war debt?"—that is the question.

(Don't be afraid—it won't hurt you.)

As we flutter to press the question is being bandied about by the best minds of two historically friendly nations. The statements and speeches of these gentlemen disclose the widest possible divergence of opinion. It is by no means inconceivable that they may fumble the matter completely, and that people like you (Gentle Reader) may have the ultimate say-so.

Well, here is your opportunity to make your sentiments known in no uncertain terms. Come, what have you to say?

Consider the question carefully, and—go to it!

This is the third in a series of ten vital questions of the day on which readers of LIFE are invited to declare themselves. Every week a new question is asked and a new prize of \$50 is offered for the best

answer. At the conclusion of the Contest, three grand prizes will be awarded to the persons who make the best showing throughout.

Your final rating will be determined not alone by the number of weekly prizes you may carry off but

also by the number of honorable mentions to your credit. LIFE intends to publish a number of answers each week, in addition to the individual prize winners. All answers thus published will be paid for at our regular rates and will be considered as having received honorable mention. It is therefore advisable to get into the Contest now and stay with it to the finish. You should take a shot at every question.

Publication of the winning answer to the first question (*What is the worst law in the United States?*) will be made in the February 26th issue of LIFE. The time limit for answers to this first question has, of course, expired. Each succeeding issue of LIFE will

contain the winning answer to a previous question, together with the announcement of a new one.

*N.B. There is only one Don't in this Contest: Don't exceed two hundred words. Be as funny—or as serious—as you like, but above all be brief.*

### Prizes

For the best record throughout the Contest:

FIRST PRIZE.....\$300  
SECOND PRIZE.....\$125  
THIRD PRIZE.....\$ 75

For the best answer to each individual question:

WEEKLY PRIZE.....\$50

### This Week's Question:

SHALL WE CANCEL THE  
FRENCH WAR DEBT?

(Answers to this question must be received at this office not later than noon of February 21, 1925.)

### CONDITIONS

ONE question will be published each week for ten weeks, starting with the January 29th issue. Answers to each question must be received at this office not later than 12 noon on the second Saturday following announcement of the question (in this case, before noon of February 21).

The winning answer to each question will be awarded a prize of \$50. Announcement of these winning answers will be made in LIFE within five weeks after each of the questions is published.

To the three contestants who have the highest record throughout the Contest, prizes will be given as follows: First, \$300; Second, \$125; Third, \$75.

To be eligible for these prizes, it is not necessary for a contestant to answer all of the questions, but it is advised that he or she submit as many answers as possible. Each answer must not exceed *two hundred words*; in fact, brevity should be an object. There is no limit to the number of answers which a contestant may submit.

Answers must be typewritten, or very plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and addressed to the Question Editor, LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

The Editors of LIFE will act as Judges in this Contest; they, and the members of their families, are necessarily barred from competition. The

### Read these carefully!

decision of the Judges must be considered final. The Judges can not undertake responsibility for the receipt or return of any manuscripts. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant. Checks for the weekly prizes, as well as for the final major awards, will be sent to the winners simultaneously with the announcements in LIFE. The Contest is open to every one, whether a subscriber for LIFE or not.

*Every contribution to this Contest which is published in LIFE will be paid for at our usual rates—without regard to whether it wins a prize.*

## The Commuters' Hall of Fame

*Ezekiel T. Putter*

BECAUSE his faith in mankind is so steadfast that regularly on the second and sixteenth of each month, when he hands the conductor an extra ticket, he remarks, "That's for the new cook I'm taking out. Got one that's goin' to stay this time."

*John L. Ditterfass*

Because, in a single trip between Grand Manior and the city (express service), he succeeded in telling what Junior ("That's my eldest") said to Peterkin ("He's just three") to 1 conductor, 3 brakemen, 2 men hiding behind newspapers, 4 bridge players and 1 crossword enthusiast, with no fatalities other than a revoke by one of the bridge players.

*Percy Philip Phelps*

Because, though only one hundred and ninety-four pounds, he has twice succeeded in opening windows on an Erie train.

*L. Tomlinson-Tomlinson*

Because for eight years he has persevered in his efforts to get the railroad to add more cars to the 5:15, by steadfastly refusing to give up his seat to a lady. "I'll shame the road into improving its service," he always says in a loud tone, so the women standing in the aisles will hear and understand his reason for remaining seated.

*Ethelberta Gantz*

Because she is the only girl in Punkchunk who has been able to make the 8:08 every morning without bobbing her hair.

*Bertram Bloch.*

THE city is the place where people live until they have so much money that they can afford to live in the city.

## Time-Savers for Commuters



**FURNACE EXTENSION HANDLE**

ENABLES THE SUBURBANITE TO SHAKE DOWN THE FURNACE WHILE TAKING HIS BATH.



*Florist:* THAT'S A PASSION FLOWER.

"OH, IS THERE REALLY A FLOWER BY THAT NAME? I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT WAS A MOVIE."

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

**February 5th**

Awake too betimes, and lay a-shivering, like a zany, for that I could not summon courage to quit my warm bed and pull down the window, the remedy, methought, being worse than the disease. Lord! the dawn's chill blast or a tub of cold water is more terrible to me than an army with banners....At my accounts all the morning, emerging with so small a surplus that I was minded of the poet's injunction to buy hyacinths as food for the soul when down to two loaves, so, inasmuch as hearing Wagner amounts to the same thing, off to purchase a ticket for the Ring. Thence to the Algonquin for luncheon with Louella Parsons, her rooms full of the most beautiful pink tiger lilies that ever I saw in my life. And L. tells me that her child Harriet, who is at Wellesley College, has writ a fine paper about Katherine Mansfield, which I should like to see....To a gallery in the afternoon to keep abreast of the trend in modern painting, and such a dose of it did I get that it was comforting, upon my arrival home, to gaze upon the photographs of my friends.

**February 6th**

Reading this morning in a volume of Galsworthy's plays, I did bethink me of the woman in "The Fugitive" who complained that her husband saw time instead of Beauty when he looked at Westminster Clock. Lord! I had no liefer be married to an oaf than the next woman, yet methinks it were better that a man catch his trains than have a fine taste in prints and porcelain....Hilda Cross of Providence to luncheon

(Continued on page 30)



"AND YOU'RE SURE YOU REALIZE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DRIVING AN AMBULANCE AND DRIVING AN ORDINARY CAR?"

Applicant: SURE. WHEN Y'RE DRIVIN' AN AMBULANCE Y' GOTTA GO BACK AN' PICK 'EM UP.

### The Intellectual's Prayer

**O** LORD, I thank Thee that I am of the real Intelligentsia.

That I am able to see the superiority of Sherwood Anderson over Joseph Conrad.

That I have discovered that Charles Chaplin is entertaining.

That I flock only with the people who are Worth While; that I can write all my letters in the writing rooms of New York's most exclusive hotels.

That, taking me by and large, I am one of the few mental bright spots observable in a nation that has a peasantry of Boobs.

For these and any other reasons, O Lord, I thank Thee!

D. R. S.

**H**E: Know anything about India?

HIM: Delhi is the word you want. I solved that one last night.



First Small One: JUST TRY PUSHIN' ME! JUST TRY IT!

### My 8:11 Girl

**W**HEN we two commuted  
In summery clime,  
Our love notes were fluted;  
All life was a rhyme.

We rode on the Erie  
(We ride on it yet),  
And she called me "dearie"  
And I called her "pet."

We read the same headlines,  
The same comic strips,  
The scandals in red lines,  
And columnists' quips.

'Twas then she ranked aces  
With me in the train.  
Those tunnel embraces!...  
Ah—bitter-sweet pain!

The closest connections  
Will often estrange;  
The warmest affections,  
Like time-tables, change.

For love soon turns ochre  
As leaves that fall dead.  
Now I'm in the smoker,  
And she's up ahead!

Max Lief.

### Overheard on the Club Car

**"W**HY, of course it's all right, Joe. Matilda's always asking me: 'Why don't you ever bring home one of your friends?'"

"Don't you notice the difference in air, already?"

"There it is! The one with the lavender roof."

"Yes, it is rather small, but, then, we only rented it for three years."

"Why, Schmotz's prices are simply outrageous. I think we'll try that new place that's just opened on Market Street."

"Betty's asked Emma Listerwicke down, too. She's not very pretty, but she's such a nice girl."

"Say, if you want a little, I've got some in my bag." C. G. S.

### The Cheat

**I**MMODESTY strutted brazenly upon the stage, cheered by the howling mob.

Hypocrisy, in a lower box, hid her face behind her hand—and eagerly peeped through her fingers.





Skippy

"I OUGHTER BE SCARED OUT ALONE LIKE THIS, BUT I GUESS A MAN'LL DARE ANYTHING FOR LOVE."

## SUBURBAN BRANCH — TIME TABLE

FROM THE CITY										TO THE CITY									
MILES	STATIONS		AM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	PM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM
0.0	Lv. Union Terminal	8:00	8:00	5b10	5:45	6:05	12:30				7:10	7:45	8:00	8:15	8:45	9:00	3:00	7:00	
0.5	Lv. Mastney St.	8:04	8:04	5:14	5:49	6:09	12:34						8:04	8:19	8:49	9:05	3:05	7:11	
0.9	Lv. Floria Park	8:07	8:07	5:17	5:52	6:12	12:37						8:10	8:25	8:55	9:17	3:08	7:12	
2.1	Lv. Treedale	8:10	8:10	5:20	5:55	6:15	12:40				7:45		8:15	8:45	9:19	3:08			
3.6	Lv. Old Neepick	8:13			5:58	6:18	12:43				7:47		8:57	8:45					
3.8	Lv. New Neepick	8:14		5:22	5:59	6:19	12:44				7:50		8:59	9:01					
4.5	Lv. Overcoat	8:16		5:23	5:63	6:21	12:45						8:75	9:01					
6.0	Lv. Grispis	8:18			5:75	6:35	12:58												
10.7	Lv. West McKitney	8:23		5:35	5:83	6:47	12:61				7:55		8:45	9:13		9:45	3:78		
11.5	Lv. McKitney Hills	8:25		5:33	5:92	6:56	12:47				7:11		8:34	9:15		9:34	3:11		
13.2	Lv. Quasapaqua	8:27		5:47	5:89	6:46	12:54						8:88	9:13		9:11	3:15		
45.1	Lv. Mt. Murney	8:25		5:67	5:20	6:46	12:50				0:19		13:17	9:16		9:11	3:98		
16.0	Lv. Anna's Bridge	8:15		5:35	5:36	6:45	12:00				8:11		9:99	9:19		10:08	3:33		
20.3	Lv. Teemish	8:20																	
21.6	Lv. Oriole	8:00		5:35	5:38	6:46	12:01												
28.6	Lv. Oeytown	8:15		5:14	5:17	6:48	12:07				1:43		9:19	9:45		10:19	3:45		
55.2	Lv. Assamaquit	8:45		5:36	5:89	3:78	9:45				7:98		9:45	9:34		10:10	3:46		
0.0	Lv. Gairville	8:44		5:47	5:89	3:64	10:08												
11.1	Lv. Nasturtium	8:16		5:46	5:23	3:68	3:11				8:10		9:11	9:45		10:11	3:76		
21.3	Lv. Eskey Highlands	8:32		5:23	5:90	3:57					8:67		9:10	9:56		10:10	3:67		
38.4	Ar. Bastrol	8:00		5:78	5:23	2:11	12:30				8:09		9:11	9:76		10:14	3:67		

f Nobody ever catches this train; so it has been discontinued.

g Very few catch this one, either.

h To accommodate commuters who wish to take this train to town, the time on the time-table is ten minutes ahead of actual time of departure.

This will allow for three extra swallows of coffee and the rest of that egg.

i Runners missing this train may keep right on running around the board-track at the right of the station, just as if that were what they intended to do all the time, thereby saving themselves from looking foolish.

j Ladies' Shopping Special. Newspapers cannot be read on this train.

k There are no seats on this train on which the sun does not shine, so don't try to find one.

l Has no elbow space on any of the window sills.

m Theatre train. Arrives in town just in time for the curtain to the first act, if at all.

\* Owl Special.—Carries dozing passengers only as far as next station beyond their destination. Taxi service back.

† Does not stop at Grispis unless Mr. Furman falls off at the curve.

a Does not run Mondays, Tuesdays, or when it is too warm.

b Does not carry local baggage. Young ladies from up-state, however, may ride by applying to the brakeman.

c A terrible train. Take the next one.

Can be missed for any one of the following reasons: (a) subway jam; (b) taxi delay; (c) way obstructed by herd of bison; (d) just missed it.

Special train-boy selling cloves, peanuts and menthol drops.

d Family-men missing this train will find telephone booths at the right of newsstand. The railroad issues a pamphlet called "One Thousand and One Excuses for Missing the Six O'Clock, and Where to Dine in Town." (advt.)

Carries only newspaper readers.

Commuters desiring to meet house-guests at train gate will find screen behind which to hide at right of gate. House-guests will find screen behind which to hide at left of gate.

A grocery and hardware store for householders who have forgotten to do errands in town is maintained at the foot of the ramp.

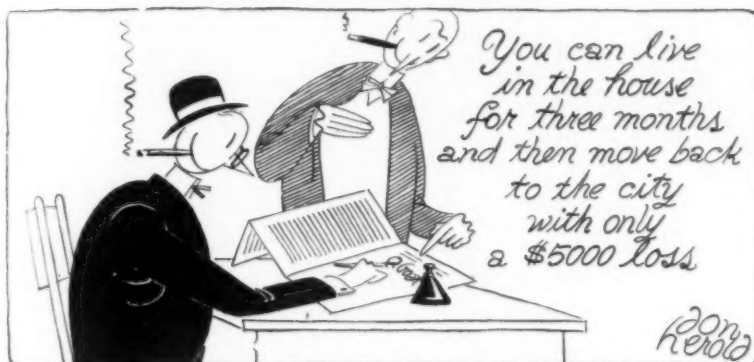
e Commuters reaching the gate just after it has closed may punch the special dummy gate-man provided for that purpose.

Very seldom runs at all

Dining car as far as McKitney Hills

Will not run on Wednesday, Sept. 15, the brakeman's birthday.

Time-Savers for Commuters



COMBINATION PURCHASE AND SALE DEED

ENABLES THE SUBURBANITE TO BUY A HOUSE AND SELL IT FOR \$5,000 LESS THAN HE PAYS FOR IT, ALL WITH ONE SIGNATURE.

LIFE'S Little Sermons

BEHOLD the commuter! He ariseth with the sun and annoyeth the entire household while he maketh ready his departure. He crieth unto his good wife for his breakfast and departeth in great haste filled with nothing but the fear that he loseth the 8:08.

He playeth at cards while he rideth cityward and he complaineth bitterly of the railroad management. He toileth all the day long and returneth far into

the night, and reclineth shoeless before his hearth and curseth his mode of life.

And yet he sayeth, "This is the life!" For the truth is not in him.

Stuart Little.

THE Good Old Days were those in which the only thing that could possibly be wrong with an egg-nog was the egg.

Look Us Over!

NO wonder we Americans are the lords of creation, for we can:

"Learn to play any instrument in ninety days,

Make money at home,

Live like kings in our old age,

Shave ourselves and hone our razors,

Cut our own hair,

Combat that film,

Become artists,

Play as we pay,

Be railway traffic inspectors,

Use this chest free,

Have baby comfy,

Choose our tobacco as we do our books, to fit our mood,

Practice the simple art of getting well and keeping well,

Cut expenses and increase profits,

Fight acid decay at the danger line,

Sit in the world's easiest easy chair,

Beat the high cost of building; and

Build up a nation of healthy children"—

Simply by reading the advertisements.

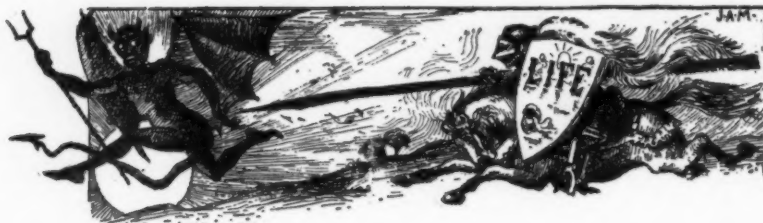
"DAD, what's a polyglot?"

"My boy, your father had to leave school and go to work long before he ever got as far as geometry."



"WELL, JANET, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF PARIS?"

"TO BE QUITE FRANK WITH YOU, GEORGE, I WAS DISAPPOINTED IN IT. I CAN GET A BETTER HAIR-CUT HERE ANY DAY."



FEBRUARY 12, 1925

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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE best thing about the eclipse was its detachment. The next best thing was that there was no charge for it, not even a solicitation to subscribe for the relief of astronomers. So far as concerned the management that put the show on, it was as free as air, though air is not so free as it was.

But its detachment! Here was something that Congress had no say about, that was quite unaffected by anything that was in the power or the mind of the President, or by any opinion of Colonel Harvey or Senator Borah, or by the views of Drys or Wets, of the Methodists or the Adventists or the Catholics or K. K. K.'s; something that Big Business had no line on, that labor unions could neither retard nor advance. Really it was delightful to have something going on as to which none of us had anything to say beyond admiring the smooth working of the mechanism of the Creator and the cleverness of the astronomers in being able to figure out what was going to happen.

The celestial machinery seems to run a good deal smoother than anything in this fussy little world we still live in. True when the moon got between us and the sun there were some sputterings from the sun's corona. Possibly that was comparable to our sputterings here, but who can say? The way we have to do anything is so remarkable! Consider religion. Here are Bishop Manning and his battalions trying to finish the big Protestant Cathedral in New York. It is quite a large job of raising money. The bulk of the money, of course, will come out of the Episcopalians, but other Protestant sects are contributing and Catholics and Jews,

and doubtless many others whose religious beliefs are not defined. One observes that the Unitarians complain that they have not been invited to participate in this Cathedral building effort. Doubtless the Bishop would take the Unitarian money, but it seems they have not been urged to come in.

FORTHWITH flares out the Jesuit paper *America* protesting against gifts of Catholic money to build a Protestant Cathedral. What's it for? says *America*. To spread heresy! Heresy! Something "as real as cancer or smallpox or murder and infinitely more dangerous."

Well, a Jesuit is a Jesuit and it hardly needs to be said that a Jesuit paper, however ambitiously named, does not represent more than a limited number of the Roman Catholics in the United States. "A Catholic Cathedral," says *America*, "is the peculiar Church of the Prelate whom the Holy Ghost has chosen for a post of exalted dignity, trust and authority. It is the center of religion and religious authority in the diocese" of that prelate. True enough, no doubt, but that is hardly what subscribers are invited to build in New York. The call to them is not quite a call to put up a big sectarian church.

One idea about Churches is the intercessional idea. There is the Almighty; his Son who intercedes for us with him; the Mother of the Son who intercedes with the Son; the saints who intercede with the Mother; the Hierarchy who intercedes with all the superior intercessors and has special claims on them that they are expected to respect and a special authority over the spiritual concerns of common sinners. A Cathedral may stand for all that. It may be a great clearing house for intercession, but that is not a

prevalent Protestant idea. There was a man in the Bible who was a member of a strong and much respected sect, who, when he prayed, expressed his thanks that his spiritual concerns were so well looked after. And there was another man who, having no connection with intercessors of any grade or quality, prayed directly out of his own heart and directly to headquarters, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" And very high authority held him justified; authority so high, so splendid, that one could almost wish that the building on Morningside Heights for which so many kinds of men are giving so many kinds of money might have been named The Cathedral of the Publican.

That is not the name of it, but it is named for the gentlest and most lovely of the Apostles. Let all the sinners, all who need mercy, come in at the building of it! If any large proportion of them bring offerings, there will be no lack of money for the work.

COOK COUNTY, Ill., which is Chicago, is having a hard time over the execution, still prospective, of Bernard Grant. Bernard was convicted of killing a policeman about two years ago. He has been condemned to be hanged, but so far has had two reprieves, the last one for ninety days from January 16.

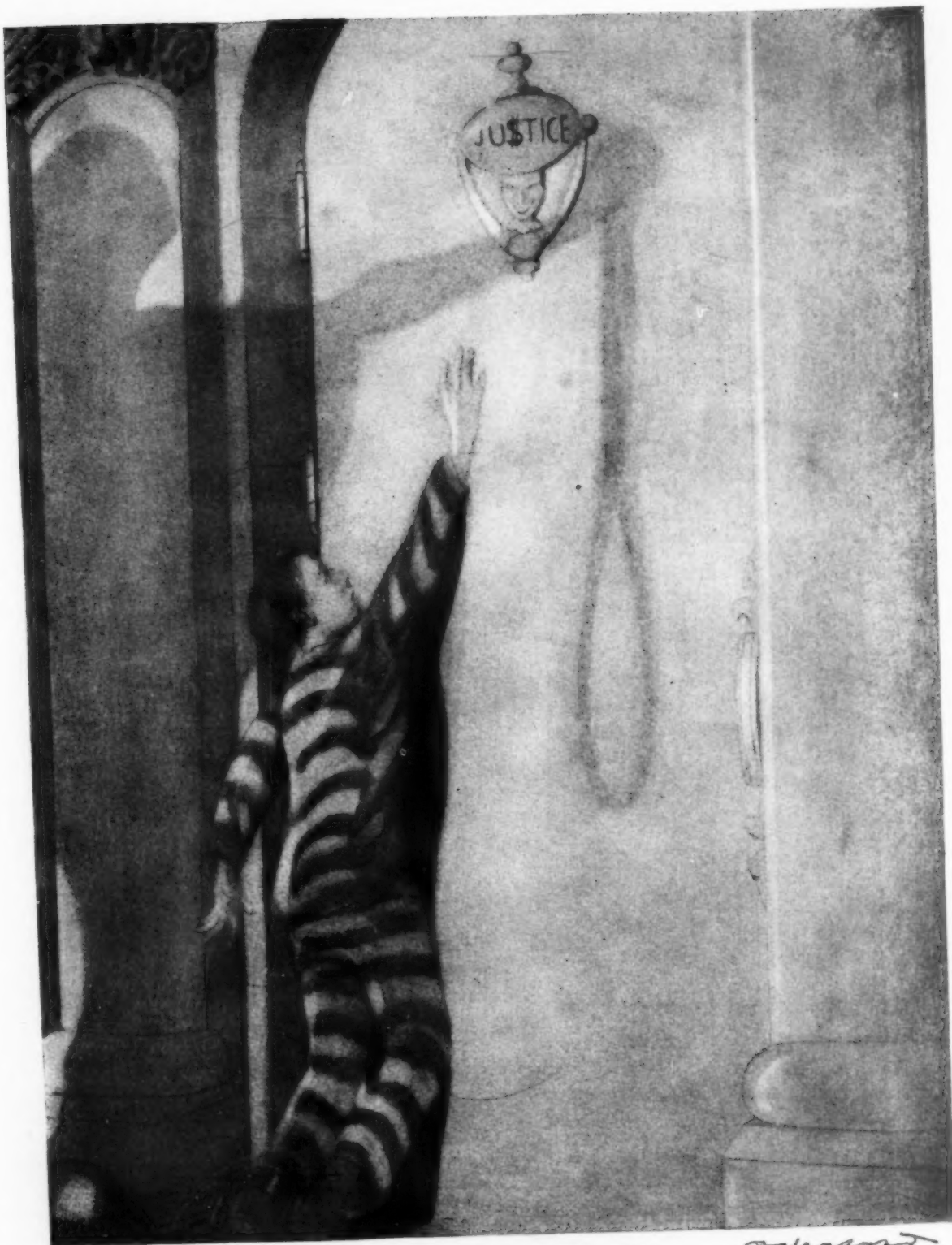
One trouble about hanging him is his complaint, supported by some evidence, that he was not really to blame for the killing of the policeman. The other reason is that two young men—Loeb and Leopold—have since his conviction done a much worse crime than his and escaped alive though at large expense to their families. Cook County cannot gracefully hang Grant after letting those two continue alive.

There is strong prejudice, especially among the police, against any one who kills a policeman. Copicide is unpopular. When you feel the need of killing some one, avoid policemen. Select a relative or a bystander.

A BILL is in Congress which bars from the mails pistols and all other firearms that may be concealed about the person. It seems somebody thinks that it is rather too easy to get guns. Perhaps it is. Anyhow so much of a check on the indiscriminate sale of firearms as this bill provides seems very moderate and in view of the homicide record fairly timely.

E. S. Martin.





"WITH CHARITY FOR ALL"  
Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois.

*Osterford*





Selling Talk





## Valentines

NICE little plays, kept alive by constant injections of smart dialogue, are very pleasant but rather precarious. Dialogue which satisfies Monday's audience three-dollars-and-thirty-cents' worth per unit will possibly leave Tuesday's audience very clammy, and if your audience doesn't happen to like the dialogue, there is nothing left to feed it on. There is probably no more discouraging thing in the world (oh, I suppose there really is, but let's pretend there isn't) than to hear nice, sparkling dialogue going flat on an audience which likes its drama on the hoof.

The above is a rather irrelevant paragraph, for, so far as we know, the smart dialogue in "Isabel" is not lost at all on the audiences at the Empire. But it is precarious, nevertheless. For, aside from what we suspect to be Mr. Arthur Richman's contribution in the process of adapting it, the comedy is, shall we say "slight"? (Cries of "Please do, please do!")



THE cast also has much to do with "Isabel's" being diverting entertainment. Margaret Lawrence has saved many a playlet before this single-handed, and now she has the invaluable assistance of the easy and delightful comedy of Leslie Howard (here at its very best), Lionel Watts, toward whom we are still very tender for his curate's prayer in "Outward Bound," and Edna May Oliver, the only woman in the world who can acquire a stage bun and make it not only inoffensive but very funny. With a cast like this, and what we blindly insist is Mr. Richman's dialogue, no wonder "Isabel" gets by.



AS a curtain-raiser to "Isabel" is Barrie's abortive "Shall We Join the Ladies?" one act of what is supposed to be an unfinished three-act mystery play. We have a hunch that Barrie not only has no intention of ever finishing it, but that he wrote this one act in much the same spirit of burlesque in which he wrote "A Slice of Life." That is one advantage of having once written a burlesque. If you later turn out something which is a bit over-cooked, all the wise boys will acquit you on the grounds that you are spoofing again.

At any rate, we hope that Barrie did have at least a portion of his tongue in his cheek, for as a straight, out-and-out mystery play "Shall We Join the Ladies?" bids fair to be just a bit bulging.



THE idea behind "The Piker" is good enough to give it quite a head-start over most other crook plays. A poor, futile, second-rate thief (played with that heart-breaking appeal which Lionel Barrymore brings so successfully to such characters) finds that instead of getting off with a fifty-dollar haul he has fifty thousand dollars on his hands. After being gypped of most of it through three acts by his scornful associates, he decides that the only glory left for him is to confess to the high-class theft and ride into jail on the front pages of the newspapers as "Master Bandit." But so unimpressive is his personality and so thin his reputation that the detective to whom he gives himself up refuses to believe his story of grand larceny and, convinced that he has dreamed himself into advanced crime with the aid of dope, leads him off to the psychopathic ward instead of to jail. Like *Cyrano*, poor *Bernie Kaplan* failed in effecting even an impressive exit.

Credit should go to Leon Gordon for having had a new idea for a crook play, one with no little real tragedy in it, even though in its working out he has played in the same key so much that the full effect of his good idea is lost in a monotone.



OH, all right! We give up. Go ahead and see the new "Chauve-Souris." Go ahead and cry "Brava!" There is much, we will admit, to like about it. Balieff is even more amusing than before; the numbers, although all much too long, are better staged and are done in nice colors; the music is pleasantly reminiscent of Miss Howe's dancing-school days, and this year they don't indulge themselves with encores. It's a simple, ingenuous show, with one or two spots which are more than that, and they all seem like nice people. So go ahead and have a good time, and at the end of the performance, if you will pass in single file up past the tree, the superintendent will give you each an orange and a whistle. Only don't come blowing your whistle around us, or you will get a good sock on the nose.

Robert Benchley.



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Dancing Mothers.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Showing the limit beyond which Mother Love can not go in its dealings with the young folk. Conventional except for its ending.

**The Depths.** *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed next week.

**Desire Under the Elms.** *Earl Carroll*—A Eugene O'Neill tragedy which toboggans from the heights to near-burlesque.

**Episode.** *Bijou*—To be reviewed later.

**Ladies of the Evening.** *Lyceum*—The story of one young girl who was made good. "Frank" would be a good name for the dialogue.

**My Son.** *Nora Bayes*—Cape Cod Portuguese and what they worry about.

**Old English.** *Ritz*—George Arliss' character work makes up for several long stretches.

**Othello.** *Shubert*—Walter Hampden's highly satisfactory revival, with an *Iago* (Baliol Holloway) which should not be missed.

**The Piker.** *Eltinge*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Processional.** *Garrick*—A jazz impression of American life, considered by many to be "just crazy" but by this department to be pretty fine stuff. June Walker, George Abbott and Donald Macdonald.

**Silence.** *National*—One of those heart-warming crook plays, with—of course—H. B. Warner.

**S. S. Glencairn.** *Princess*—Four one-act plays by Eugene O'Neill.

**They Knew What They Wanted.** *Klaw*—Pauline Lord doing the best work of her career in a comedy which is near enough tragedy to be in this grouping. Richard Bennett and Glenn Anders give her worthy support.

**The Valley of Content.** *Apollo*—To be reviewed next week.

**What Price Glory?** *Plymouth*—A war play that is a war play.

**White Cargo.** *Daly's*—The hot sun and a woman working in deleterious conjunction on a white gent.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—We remember seeing a play by the same name in New York when we were a boy. Perhaps it is the same one.

**Badges.** *Ambassador*—Madge Kennedy and Gregory Kelly making a detective play pretty darned laughable.

**Candida.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—A notable revival of one comedy in a million. Katharine Cornell as *Candida*.

**The Firebrand.** *Morasco*—Rapid but efficacious dalliance by Benvenuto Cellini. Joseph Schildkraut as the lover with a bicycle.

**The Guardsman.** *Booth*—A comedy about husband and wife made more than merely entertaining by the work of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

**The Harem.** *Belasco*—Has to do with sex, if you know what we mean. Lenore Ulric gives it whatever distinction it has.

**Hell's Bells.** *Wallack's*—To be reviewed later.

**Isabel.** *Empire*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Is Zat So?** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Prize-fighter's talk which is true and very, very funny.

**Less o' Laughter.** *Comedy*—Not even vulgar.

**Mrs. Partridge Presents.** *Belmont*—Blanche Bates in a highly entertaining re-

versal of the problem of what to do with our children.

**Out of Step.** *Hudson*—To be reviewed later.

**Pigs.** *Little*—You can't go very wrong on this if you like your comedy light and clean.

**Quarantine.** *Henry Miller's*—One of those honeymoon mix-ups, with Helen Hayes and Sidney Blackmer.

**The Show-Off.** *Playhouse*—Over a year old now and still going strong, which is as it should be.

**The Stork.** *Cort*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Youngest.** *Gaiety*—Pleasantly confused comedy, with Henry Hull and Genevieve Tobin.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Artists and Models.** *Astor*—Don't blame us.

**Betty Lee.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—All right, we guess.

**Big Boy.** *Winter Garden*—Ten thousand volts of Al Jolson.

**Chauve-Souris.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Grab Bag.** *Globe*—Ed Wynn at his ed ynniest.

**Lady, Be Good!** *Liberty*—A good show, with the Astaires, Walter Catlett, and Gershwin music.

**The Love Song.** *Century*—Elaborate and musical.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*—The best of the revues now left, with Fannie Brice heading the cast.

**My Girl.** *Vanderbilt*—Pretty.

**Patience.** *Greenwich Village*—For those who like their Gilbert and Sullivan well revived.

**Puzzles of 1925.** *Fulton*—To be reviewed later.

**Rose-Marie.** *Imperial*—Try to get in and see how good it is.

**The Student Prince.** *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—Singing such as you won't hear often.

**Topsy and Eva.** *Sam H. Harris*—The Duncan Sisters in their own (soprano and alto) version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Just the Follies, including the incomparable Will Rogers.



IRENE FENWICK AND LIONEL BARRYMORE IN "THE PIKER"



THE FIRST IMPRESSION

## American Inventors' Series

*Patterson M. Vegetable*

THE death of Patterson M. Vegetable, one of the most cordially hated men in North America, brings to light for the first time the story of the invention which earned him the position he occupies to-day. Three wreaths of parsnips, a bouquet of cabbages, and a large floral piece made entirely of carrots and spinach, which decorated the coffin at his funeral, were silent testimony to the universal dislike which he enjoyed.

It was the old, old story, yet ever new, of two men and a girl; in the ensuing triangle poor Patterson found himself hopelessly the hypotenuse. Sour and embittered in love, he turned to the soil; and in his little truck garden on Long Island he devoted long hours to raising obnoxious species of plants and herbs. This morbid tendency led eventually to his famous invention of a platter with various compartments, into which he fitted one species of each unpleasant plant he had produced, calling the whole affair, in his dryly humorous way, a "Dinner."

The comparative economy of this idea appealed to the restaurants; and the embittered old man found the last years of his life considerably brightened by the sight of thousands of restaurant patrons seated before these plates endeavoring to eat one of Vegetable's "Dinners," or "Vegetable Dinners," as they came in time to be called.

*Cory Ford.*

## Motif Sardine

WHILE the popular notion is that travel is broadening, the commuter often finds it distinctly flattening.

THE Grand Duke Boris says his visit here has no political significance. He probably doesn't realize himself how painfully true that is.

## Suburban Shots

NOWADAYS the sound of an explosion makes neighbors wonder not whose house is being robbed, but who is having such tough luck with his home brew.

\* \* \*

A man can't always be blamed for trumping his wife's ace when he's wondering whether he ought to go down and stoke the furnace next hand or wait until he's dummy.

\* \* \*

It is surprising how many more city friends a man living out of town has on the Fourth of July than he has on New Year's Eve.

\* \* \*

There are a lot of high grade railroads around these parts with low grade crossings.

\* \* \*

Keep your eye on the young man who comes back from an automobile ride with his flask empty and his gas tank still nearly full.

\* \* \*

The fellow who can afford to lay in his coal in August usually spends his winters in Florida.

\* \* \*

It's sort of rubbing it in, when you miss the 8:12 after a cross-country run, to open your paper in the railroad station and read about Nurmi's breaking another record.

*J. K. M.*

## Time-Savers for Commuters



TURN-TABLE OFFICE

AS SOON AS THE SUBURBANITE SITS DOWN TO WORK THE OFFICE REVOLVES AND STARTS HIM HOME AGAIN.



THE COOK HAD LEFT AND AS YOU DIDN'T HEAR ANY DISHES BREAKING YOU AND SHE OVERSLEPT AND BREAKFAST WAS LATE AND YOU WERE TAKING YOUR "SOUP-AND-FISH" INTO TOWN TO HAVE THE SPOTS PRESSED INTO THEM—BUT



ALL WOULD HAVE BEEN WELL IF SHE HAD NOT CALLED "TAKE YOUR UMBRELLA!" AND YOU HADN'T TURNED TO GO BACK. IT WAS RAINING, OF COURSE, AND YOU FORGOT YOU HAD ON YOUR BOOTS WITH THE RUBBER HEELS.



YOU FELT THAT IF YOU COULD ONCE GET INTO THE DAMN TAXI YOU COULD RELAX AND YOU MURMURED SOMETHING TO THE DRIVER ABOUT NOT MISSING YOUR TRAIN.



WHICH WAS INDISCREET TO SAY TO A PERSON WHO COULD HOLD ONLY ONE IDEA AT A TIME—AND YOUR HEAD MISSED THE SOFT PORTION OF THE ROOF IN BETWEEN THE SLATS.



BUT YOU CAUGHT THE TRAIN—THEN WONDERED IF YOU COULD LIVE A REASONABLE LENGTH OF TIME WITH A BROKEN NECK.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THEN YOU 'PHONED HER THAT YOU WOULD NOT BE HOME TO-NIGHT AND MAYBE YOU WOULD NEVER BE HOME AGAIN—YOU WERE NOT CERTAIN—BUT FOR HER NOT TO FORGET TO FEED THE DOG!

## You and Your Morning Train

## What Every Commuter Knows

THAT the engineer of No. 56 deliberately reaches Hazelhurst five minutes ahead of time, out of personal spite.

That people who manufacture furnaces ought to be in the cold-storage business.

That the average Swedish maid can make better time getting in and out of Hazelhurst than Nurmi.

That the celebrated blizzard of '88 was nothing compared with what happens in Hazelhurst every winter.

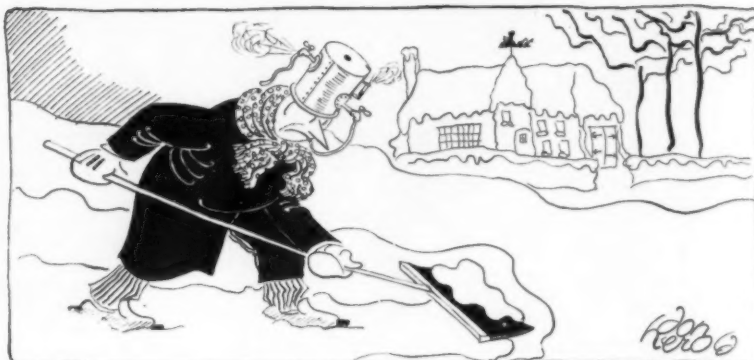
That flower seeds are invariably planted upside down and burrow into the depths of the earth.

That the Hazelhurst telephone operators know the private affairs of every man, woman and child in town.

That Joe Meadows certainly returned that lawn mower in terrible shape.

That the Enderbys make a living by playing professional bridge, and that there is something phony about Sid Enderby's business in town.

## Time-Savers for Commuters



### BREAKFAST HAT

ENABLES THE SUBURBANITE TO TAKE NOURISHMENT (CEREAL AND COFFEE) WHILE SHOVELING SNOW.

That the boy who chucks the paper on the porch is a rotten shot.

That the water-rate shows there is more graft in Hazelhurst politics than in all New York City.

But that, after all, Hazelhurst is God's noblest handiwork, and a guy must be an awful boob to live in town.

*Tip Bliss.*

### In the Wings

"HOW'S the act going?"  
"They're applauding something fierce."

"You said something."

THERE'S always room for a good man except on a cabaret dance floor.



Incensed Parent: GOOD GOD! DON'T YOU EVER think?  
"DON'T I EVER what?"





**A**TEN-YEAR-OLD of my acquaintance recently told his mother that he had at last determined upon his life's career. He was going to write books. "And people will read my books, too," he added, "because there won't be anything in them that they will have to skip. Nothing about the afternoon sun's making the trees cast long shadows, or how crisp the autumn air was as the heroine starts to walk across the park, or anything about beautiful lawns sloping down to rivers or birds singing in the early morning. Those are the things I always skip, and I'm not different from other people, am I?"

I thought about him when I plunged into Will Irwin's "Youth Rides West" (Knopf), which at the first seems to have a good deal of scenery in it. Of course, an author may be pardoned for a few descriptive strokes when his locale is the Rocky Mountains, where a sunset is a sunset and the horizon line a series of snow-capped peaks, and yet if the shooting hadn't started about when it did, I'm afraid that I should have put the book aside and tried to tune in on the El Fay Club. "Youth Rides West" is the account of a young Easterner in search of adventure who started for Cottonwood in the seventies. It is rich in the local color of its place and period, and in that connection a definite contribution to what the boys in the back room call "Americana." But the love interest! Its sophomoricity, in this age of plain speech and evil doings, is so naïve that it recalls the author of the Elsie books.

**O**F all the centuries that have rolled along thus far, my favorite is the eighteenth, when men were gossips and women letter-writers. In those dear old days, when even the daintiest and most fashionable woman in London called a spade a damned shovel, things went on in drawing-rooms whose record constitutes about the only real spice there is in English literature. That Casanova should have made a pilgrimage to England in 1763 is the best news I ever had of him. The name Casanova connotes only one thing to most

of us academicians, and, for my part, I can put in a snappier evening with the *Congressional Record* or the Sears-Roebuck catalogue than with the adventures of a man who is a devil with the ladies. But when such a man is moving against a fascinating background, you can either take him or leave him alone, and "Casanova in England" (Knopf) affords that agreeable possibility. The book is edited by Horace Bleackley, but the material is derived from the adventurer's own accounts. The doings and sayings of the nobility and gentry are set forth with spirit, and the result is a nice, gossipy book.

**I** CAN'T make out whether Lucille Van Slyke believes that woman's place is in the home or not. In her "Nora Pays" (Stokes) the heroine is a merchant princess on Fifth Avenue who, fifteen years before, had left her husband and three little girls flat and come to New York to seek her fortune. She made so good that she was able to rent a house in Westchester and supply Scotch to everybody who happened to drop in on Sunday. It was the reassertion of the mother instinct which was her undoing. From the minute that two of her daughters came to live with her, *Nora* began to slip. In the end

(Continued on page 27)



"HOW ABOUT ME?"



### "The Golden Bed"

**STUNG**, perhaps, by certain complimentary references to his recent pictures in these columns, Cecil De Mille has suddenly quitted the progressive pathway and returned to the broad boulevard of bunk whereon he found his first and greatest prosperity.

"The Golden Bed" represents a reversion by Mr. De Mille to the Ostermoor school of dramatic art. It contains all the qualities of grotesque exaggeration, blatant splurge and frenzied extravagance that marked "Male and Female," "Fool's Paradise," "The Affairs of Anatol" and other celebrated demillstones that have been draped about the tired neck of art. Likewise it bears no visible relation to any known form of reality.

The big scene in "The Golden Bed" is a massive candy ball, in which all the gentlemen guests gorge themselves on the ladies' costumes and which is opened by the hero with the following titular niftie: "You will find plenty of 'kisses' everywhere—and you can all raise 'peppermint cane'."

Vera Reynolds is the only member of the cast who manages to rise above mediocrity. With limited technical equipment, Miss Reynolds possesses an emphatic appeal—based on an unquenchable sincerity—and this should carry her far.

It is a source of genuine regret to me that I must return to my old policy of roasting Cecil De Mille's pictures. Some time ago I met him face to face, and he seemed like *such* a nice man!

### "The Redeeming Sin"

**SOME** day the Rotary Club of Paris, France, will send representatives to Hollywood with instructions to shoot on sight all directors and stars who have made Apache pictures; and I for

one hope that the gallant sons of Lafayette will shoot straight.

Of all the rubber stamps that are to be found in the scenario departments, this one is the most thoroughly worn out. In "The Redeeming Sin," Nazimova gives a picture of the Parisian underworld that has been produced, to my certain knowledge, 874 times before. She looks daggers at her lovers, jerks her torso from right to left, and vice versa, and protrudes her lower lip to indicate (a) scorn, (b) aggressiveness, (c) hate, (d) love, (e) querulousness, (f) rage (*vote for one*).

### Recent Developments

**The Narrow Street.** Warner Bros.—Mild but entertaining comedy about a young man who makes good in big business.

**Her Night of Romance.** First National—Constance Talmadge and Ronald Colman run wild in a fast farce.

**Locked Doors.** Paramount—William de Mille will have to be kept after school for this one.

**If I Marry Again.** First National—One fine scene in a mass of typical "cabaret stuff."

**The Lost Lady.** Warner Bros.—A generally satisfactory interpretation of a great story—aided materially by the fine work of Irene Rich.

**East of Suez.** Paramount—Pola Negri as a half-caste who is given a raw deal in Shanghai. It's all pretty foolish.

**Peter Pan.** Paramount—Don't let this picture escape you, because it is commendable in every way.

**Greed.** Metro-Goldwyn—The exact antithesis of "Peter Pan." It is great stuff but probably a bit too strong for those who like to take their entertainment in oatmeal form.

**Circe the Enchantress.** Metro-Goldwyn—More intimate glimpses of Mae Murray.

**So Big.** First National—A sad attempt to recapture the fine spirit which animated Edna Ferber's novel. Colleen Moore tries hard.

**The Iron Horse.** Fox—An epic that missed fire.

### "Broken Laws"

**IT** was just about time for some daring film producer to come right out into the open with a denunciation of the young, jazz-mad generation. There has been a conspiracy of silence on this subject, and many of us have been waiting impatiently for a break.

"Broken Laws" severs the ice in a decisive manner—and I predict for it huge success. Although there is little to be said for the story, there is much to be said for the acting of Mrs. Wallace Reid, Percy Marmont and Arthur Rankin.

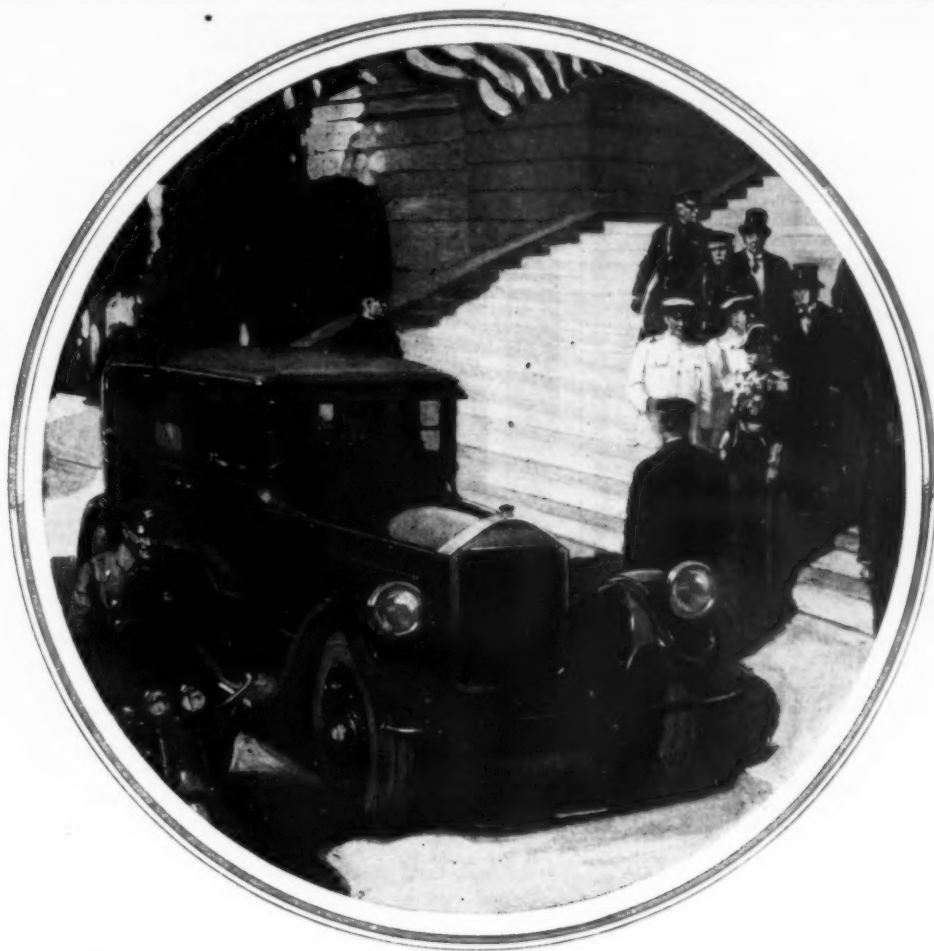
When I see pictures like "Broken Laws," I am led to wonder where it is that all these wild, orgiastic parties take place. It can't be in Hollywood—because that community, as every one knows, is pure; it couldn't be in the Middle West—Kansas Nebraska and Iowa—because it is there that the Puritan eclipse reaches its totality; it must therefore be in New York—a thought which depresses me, as I happen to live in New York myself and have been struggling along for years, missing all the good times.

### "Frivolous Sal"

**WHEN** "Frivolous Sal" came to the Strand Theatre, in New York, the manager of that majestic temple protested hotly against the title—explaining that he caters to a select and intelligent clientele who won't stand for such hokum. Consequently, for one week, the title, "Frivolous Sal," was altered to "Flaming Love"—and the highbrow element in the Strand audience was appeased.

Under one label or another, "Frivolous Sal" is an obvious, antiquated melodrama with much ham acting and a few real thrills. It is the sort of movie that those people who never go to the movies think all movies are like.

R. E. Sherwood.



OF several thousand *Series 80* owners a surprising number have graduated from the ownership of cars costing less money. These men have reasoned wisely that it is more economical to invest a little more in a Pierce-Arrow *Series 80*. Its moderate first cost distributed over many years of service is a sound investment. Add to this the marked economy of operation and maintenance and you realize why the Pierce-Arrow *Series 80* has established a new low level of cost per mile. Have you ridden in one?

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### Tragedy

The small daughter of a certain well-known actor had seen, and heard, her father rehearsing a new part, and after it was over she retired, greatly impressed, to the nursery. A little later her mother overheard her apparently rehearsing a play she was inventing as she went along.

"My loved one is ill! I must go to him!" There was a momentary pause. Then suddenly: "Blow it, he's dead!"

—*Tatler (London).*

### Less Than Nothing

INDIGNANT PROF. (to student): Well, if you're not sure of some points ask me questions on the subject.

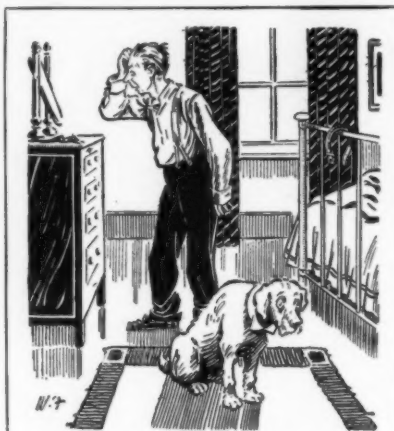
STUDENT: But I don't know enough about it to ask questions.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

### Described

"A hick town is one with a speed trap, a yellor brick gym, a Carnegie library, an' no sidewalks."

—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.*



Absent-Minded Dog Lover: NOW  
WHAT IN THE WORLD HAVE I  
DONE WITH MY COLLAR?

—*London Opinion.*

A VOTE of confidence is the first sign  
of distrust.—*Boston Herald.*

### The Fame of a Husband

Recently deceased in London, at the age of eighty-four years, was John Walter Cross. And who was John Walter Cross? He was the husband of George Eliot. He began paying her court when she was sixty-one years old, a woman exhausted, not only from the heroic labor of writing the greatest fiction that had ever been written by a woman but by equally heroic devotion to a grande passion that had shocked two continents. With George Henry Lewes dead, what was left of her turned to this same Mr. Cross, who was nearly twenty years younger than she. Now, after forty-five years, his chief claim to fame is still that for a few brief months he was joined in wedlock to this woman whose soul was already dead. What a curious commentary on human renown.

—*New York World.*

### Who'll Buy?

"Parrot (African gray) for Sale; talks like a human being; good reasons for selling."

—*Scots Paper.*

What are the others?—*Punch.*

THE perfect simile: As punctual as an eclipse.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

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by tenderness and bleeding



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THE GUMS  
BRUSH YOUR TEETH  
WITH IT

FORMULA OF

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**Forhan's**  
FOR  
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UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea, which affects four out of five people over forty.

Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

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Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate  
Write for Booklet "L"  
Albert H. Malone, Manager  
In America—An English Inn

## Life and Letters

(Continued from page 23)

she is obliged to sell her business, which was the kind of shop having only a marble bench and one silk scarf in the window. Miss Van Slyke does well enough by the daughters—one is killed in an automobile accident and the others marry fine, upstanding men. But she certainly hands her heroine, whom she seems to admire tremendously, a raw deal, dismissing her abruptly from the plot by putting her on a train bound for Chicago.

THIS department herewith turns the exclusive use of the younger generation as material for copy over to John Galsworthy. The fine and famous "The Forsyte Saga" has been topped off for our own day by "The White Monkey." Therein is magnificently set down the genuine reactions between modern young people and their elders, with the immediate circle of *Fleur Forsyte* and her husband serving as examples. Much of it is between the lines, a trick which only an artist like Galsworthy can pull off. The characters are as real as if they moved and breathed before you. When old *Soames* reflects, "Good Gad! What jargon!" after his son-in-law tells him that he is frightfully bucked and will see what he can wangle, you can fairly see him shake his head. Also, a better light is thrown on the modern restoration movement than I have yet encountered in fiction. How many of these younger enthusiasts must, like *Fleur*, have a secret fondness for an occasional tune at a symphony concert, but are afraid of mentioning it for fear of losing some of the celebrities whom it pleases them to ask to dinner! The beautiful adult conspiracy to protect youth from the discovery that there is a catch in life until the proper time for its revelation is brought out by one master-stroke—*Soames* takes down the painting of the white monkey when he learns that *Fleur* is pregnant so that she may not chance upon the secret in the poor creature's eyes.

If things don't go well with you after this it is more or less your own fault, inasmuch as "The Importance of Being Rhythmic," by Jo Pennington (Putnam's), is now on the market. This is really an exposition of the teachings of Jaques-Dalcroze, who believes that if little children could be started in life on the right beat, there might be fewer failures on the Stock Exchange, or words to that effect. At any rate, judging from the illustrations, it's a system which there can be no harm in trying, if you turn on the radiators first.

Baird Leonard.



## A Tip to the Motorist

Time passes faster—your wits are keener and your nerves are steadier with Wrigley's to help.

Wrigley's will stimulate appetite and digestion, remove bad taste and keep you fit. It cleanses the teeth too.

"After Every Meal"

**WRIGLEY'S**



F 28

The Flavor Lasts!



### Stout Men Reduce!

You men who have taken on too much weight—why don't you reduce? Why go on letting people poke fun at you—denying yourself the foods you like to eat—afraid to do the things you could enjoy if you were slender?

Reduce the pleasant way—without exercises or diets! Thousands of men do it every year. They use Marmola Tablets to restore the health which only slender men enjoy.

No bother, no trouble—just follow the simple directions which come in every box. No one but yourself will ever know how you got slender and young looking again.

All drug stores have Marmola Tablets—one dollar a box. Or from us direct in plain wrapper, postpaid. Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

**MARMOLA**  
*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

### The City Slicker

When the Iowa football team went down to New Haven and beat Yale two years ago, a large delegation of corn-fed rooters accompanied the team. These breezy Westerners had a wonderful time kidding the Eli crowd, the more so as Iowa was kidding the Eli team. Leland Parkin, captain of the 1924 aggregation, was the particular star on that occasion, his brilliant running with the ball driving Yale almost mad. Finally, a discouraged Blue partisan shouted:

"Look at that big farmer run; he's ruining us."

One of the Hawkeye delegation turned to the Yale rooter and said:

"Stranger, Parkin ain't no farmer; he's a city feller, from East Waterloo, Ioway."—*D. A. C. News.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.—Adv't.

### Enumeration

Reply made by a Sicilian boy to a question in geography:

"The five quarters of the globe are four in number, and they are the three following—Europe and Asia."

—*Kansas City Star.*

"There is a lot to Nurmi," observes the *Detroit Free Press*. Multum in Parvo.  
—*F. P. A., in New York World.*

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### A Pocketful

Frank Craven, once in his career as a showman, made friends with an elephant. Before going on each night he put a sack of peanuts in his hip pocket. By and by his pachyderm pal would shuffle up behind him, thrust a snaky trunk into his hip-pocket and snuffle gratefully.

"One day," said Mr. Craven, "I thought I would give him a real treat. So I put some nice, fresh, new, sticky popcorn candy in my pocket. The elephant could not get the candy out. Nor could he extricate his trunk."

Mr. Craven paused for effect.

"You've heard an elephant trumpet," he resumed. "But did you ever hear one trumpet in your hip pocket?"

—*Corey, in Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Glass Ginger Ale with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters delightful tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Social Obligation

WIFE: Here's a letter from those Dogby-Joneses asking us to dine with them again. We really can't until we have had them here.

HUSBAND: Well, tell them so, and leave it at that.—*Punch.*

## The Whole World Loves

# Apollinaris

with its glittering bubbles—its fresh effervescence and its friendly cheer.

*"The Queen of Table Waters"*

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### What Do You Make of This?

Noted in a biographical article in the *Portland Oregonian*:

"Mr. Meier has a keen sense of humor. He does not play golf."

—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

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**45¢ 35¢ 25¢**

Handles in five distinctive colors for quick identification of your toothbrush—White, Light Amber, Dark Amber, Ruby, Blue

**RUBBERSET CO., NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.**

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**It gets in between—where decay begins**

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### A Tale Without a Title

IN a huge arm-chair, before the fireplace, Jones gazed into the gay, flickering flames. The dim, soft light from the reading lamp, at his elbow, cast a gentle glow across the room, and the stillness of the night was interrupted only by an occasional crackling of the burning logs. Soon a pleasant drowsiness fell upon him, and he felt his eyelids gradually beginning to droop. The dull ticking of the little clock on the mantelpiece seemed scarcely audible.

It was not long before Jones suddenly became aware of something tapping him upon the shoulder and, turning his head, he beheld a kangaroo, in evening dress, wearing a knitted skating cap. In its left hand it held a broken tennis racket.

"Nothing is of consequence but the unessential," the animal remarked in a low musical voice, as it produced a pack of playing cards from its waistcoat pocket, and tore them into small bits. Jones, however, having no reply to make, somewhat nervously lit a cigarette and rose from his chair.

"I want you to meet my sister," said the kangaroo, and before the other had time to protest, a goat with a green beard entered the room on roller skates.

"Nine people out of ten say so," it whispered thickly, "but don't you believe them. They lie." Then it began to chase the kangaroo around the room, finally crashing into the fireplace, where it lay chuckling and snorting loudly. Jones shook himself and returned to his chair.

"Of course, you can take the Southern Route," continued the kangaroo, "but there is never the same feeling of independence. Even the servants are likely to leave." Whereupon the goat removed its roller skates and hurled them through the window. Jones ran



## MEMORIES THAT WILL LAST FOR YEARS

**D**ID you spend six dollars a day on your holiday last year? Probably that and a great deal more. And what did you do that was unique or thrilling? What did you find to carry away? . . . Sunburn.

Why not go to France this year and have an entire change, a mental stimulus, a new outlook, and memories forever?

You can book passage for one hundred and forty dollars on the big, one-cabin liners, French as France itself.

You can even make a round trip for one hundred and sixty-two dollars, tourist class, with individual cabins, as is done by the college boys and girls.

You can tour and live well on six dollars a day—bring your own car, uncrated, or rent one reasonably. The French Alps, the Pyrenees, are like nothing you've ever seen . . . villages perched on the eaves of the world, and wild and gorgeous mountain passes.

Our booklet on France is a trip in itself.

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Agencies in Principal Cities  
of Europe and the United States

### For Tough Beards or Tender Skins

**YOU** will find relief and comfort in a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It rapidly softens the toughest beard and prevents shaving irritation. Its exclusive properties soothe and cool the skin and heal troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin with a soft, cool, lotion effect. If your druggist cannot supply you send 80c. for the jar that contains six months of shaving comfort.

Or send 2c stamp for sample.

Made particularly  
for tender skins.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.  
38 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.  
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to the door and tried to shout, but was quite unable to utter a sound. Everything was closing in upon him. The logs in the fireplace had begun to roar, and the clock on the mantel refused to stop striking. It all seemed so grotesque—a horrible, rambling dream.

As a matter of actual fact, however, it was not a dream at all. Jones had merely gone cuckoo.

C. G. S.

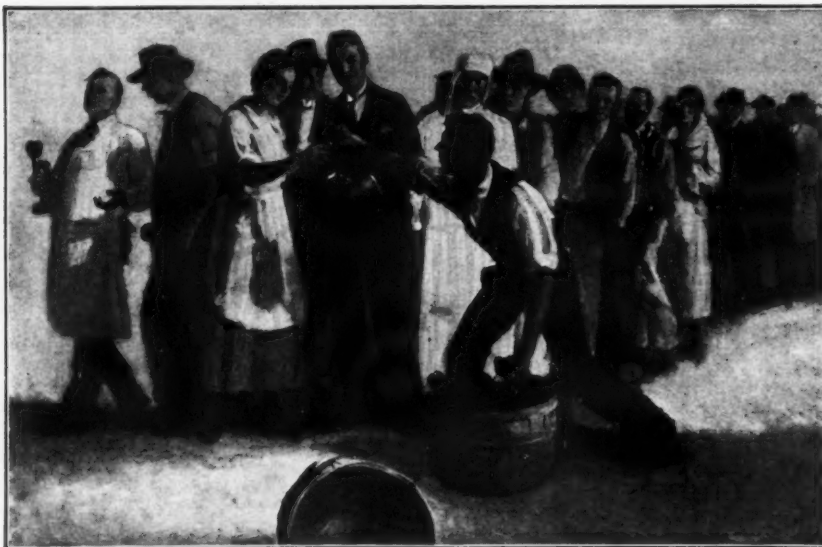
### Back Home

**VISITOR:** By the way, Mr. Higgs, what are your two sons doing now?

**MR. HIGGS:** Nothing. One is an efficiency expert and the other is a Prohibition enforcement agent.







## Give us Telephones

Following the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

The telephone shortage is never far away. If for a few years the telephone company was unable to build ahead, if it neglected to push into the markets for capital and materials for the future's need, there would be a recurrence of the dearth of telephones. No one could dread that eventuality so much as the 350,000 telephone workers.

Bell System engineers measure and forecast the growth of communities; cables, conduits, switchboards and buildings are planned and developed years ahead of the need, that facilities may be provided in advance of telephone want. Population or business requirements added to a community must find the telephone ready, waiting.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

**BELL SYSTEM**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*

### And Then Some—

THE world is full of them. They are continually popping up on all sides. We see them everywhere. There's the boob who doesn't know what it's all about and there's the boob who not only knows, but who insists upon telling you the entire hoopedoodle from beginning to end. There's the boob who believes everything he hears and there's the boob who doesn't believe anything. There's the boob who coughs up twenty-eight bones for a pair of tickets to a musical

revue and there's the boob who wouldn't pay seventy-five cents to see all of Shakespeare. There are fat boobs and there are thin boobs; there are boobs whose entire families are composed of boobs. There are boobs who are born boobs and there are boobs who grow up to be boobs. There are boobs who think that every one else is a boob, and, occasionally, there are boobs who *know* that they are boobs.

C. G. S.

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

with me, and she tells me that her interest in the public journals has so narrowed to sales of children's raiment that she knew nought of her cozen Will Crocker's being mentioned as Ambassador to France until it was called to her attention, albeit it had been on the front pages three days.... Sam home early, with a new cocktyle recipe which he fell a-mixing, and after three of them he quoth, Man wants but little here below—I wish a rich relative would die and leave us two seats for "Rose-Marie."

February  
7th

To my dressmaker's be-times, seeking to embellish my appearance before the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor take an active interest in me, and so depressed at the prices put upon this and that garment that I longed for an instant to be a member of some primitive tribe which gets along sartorially with beads and shells. The heathen in his blindness may bow down to wood and stone, but he needs not to pay two hundred and fifty dollars for a simple black sheath with a seam up either side. But being a victim of civilization, I could do nought about it, so I did order one chiffon frock for evening with an ingenious braiding of velvet strips at the hem, and a coat dress of kasha cloth, against the Ides of March.... This day I did voluntarily increase the pay of all our servants, and my husband, poor wretch, speaks of having me before an alienist.

Baird Leonard.

### Two Definitions of a Commuter

*By the City Man*—A farmer with enough sense to work in the city.

*By the Farmer*—A city man with enough sense to live in the country.

It is unquestionably a small world and all that sort of thing. At least, it would be if we could for the life of us recall where the Prince is at the present moment.

**Sure Relief**

**BELL-ANS**  
FOR  
**INDIGESTION**  
25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS  
Hot water  
Sure Relief

**BELL-ANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION  
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE



## LIFE'S Encyclopædia

**COMMUTER** (*Genus Homo Suburbus*)  
—*Habitat*: the outlying districts of large cities. Moves continually on the run and feeds almost exclusively on chocolate bars purchased from trainmen. Is easily captured and tamed. Makes good pet for children. Utters long, low moan at mention of mystic numbers 7:32 or 5:15. S. L.

## On Ambition

("Write an essay of not less than 250 words on 'The Advantages of Ambition.'"—*From Lesson 11 of Pelmanism.*)

ONE of the chief advantages of ambition (in others) is that it makes them fair game for the publishers of books on "How to Increase Your Personality, Will Power, Earning Capacity, Mental Ability, Range of Interests, Muscle or What Have You?"

If it were not for ambition there would be no serious young men hell-bent for Self-Improvement, and what would the writers and publishers of such books and the mail-order professors do then, poor things? They might have to go to work.

Ambition builds bridges, cathedrals, towers, tunnels and castles in Spain. It leads to power and distinction when Fortune points the way. It accumulates fortunes when directed by Luck. It uplifts mankind when Fate so de-

## Judge by her own choice

When the preferences of one-whom-you-would-please are unknown, there are two courses to follow: ¶ The first is to try to learn her own choice. Failing that, to give in such impeccable good taste that you cannot fail to please. ¶ Thus gentlemen giving candy most frequently choose Johnston's, for they are doubly confident of the result. ¶ They find the person they would please most often chooses it for herself. And they know that Johnston's, being socially correct, cannot fail to leave the impression they desire.

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CHOCOLATES



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crees. It has raised man above his cousins, the apes, with the aid of Natural Selection.

It leads its possessor to spend fifteen minutes every day soaking up the World's Classics so he can captivate the young thing on his right while the boob on her right eats his heart out in envy.

It forces the millionaire to foreclose the mortgage and spurs the hero to earn the money to pay the mortgage.

It makes a man catch hold of his boot straps and tug.

It is a great force.

Is Ambition.

C. W. V. D.

## An Improvement

Cross-section of flapper's speech before advent of crossword puzzle craze: "My dear, you should have been with us! We had the most fantastic ride and nearly knocked a fantastic old policeman for a row of potted palms. I'll declare it was the gorilla's garters!"

Cross-section of flapper's speech after advent of crossword puzzle craze: "My dear, you should have been with us. We had the most fantastic ride and nearly knocked a fantastic old policeman for a row of potted palms. I'll declare it was the gorilla's garters!"  
H. W. H.

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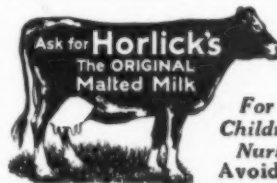


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In Home, Office, Factory or Hospital the Chlorinator—a newly invented apparatus to give Chlorine Gas—is successfully used to treat and prevent colds, influenza, bronchitis and other germ diseases of the respiratory tract. Gives the same gas used by President Coolidge and other officials in Washington. Chlorine Gas destroys the bacteria of adult and childhood diseases to which all are exposed daily. Any person—anywhere can now use Chlorine Gas with absolute safety and almost miraculous results with the Chlorinator. Low in price—cost per treatment is practically nothing. Not a patent medicine—used and endorsed by Physicians. First successful Chlorine Gas machine for general use. Sold on absolute guarantee. Write for information.

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## How is Your Throat?

Full of soreness and pain—raw and swollen—sending aches all over your head and body?

If this is your throat—then why not make a few improvements?

Absorbine, Jr., that accomplished liniment and capable antiseptic, will remove the germs and rawness, clear out the aches and pains.

It will promote health and comfort, a clear voice and clean taste.

Men who can't afford to be ill use Absorbine, Jr. daily, as a preventive. As a gargle within and a massage on throat muscles, Absorbine, Jr. is most effective. It is stainless and agreeable.

*At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid.  
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.*

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## The Laugh Cure, An Absolutely New Treatment for Melancholy

Prescribed by

*Life*

with unfailingly happy results. Allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, all effect occasional cures, but the modern trend is less medicine and more of nature, wherein comes Our Treatment. Laughter is Nature's own medicine. One good laugh will fade out the atmosphere from indigo to a pale forget-me-not hue, while two or three bleach it completely and drive the blues away. *LIFE with Its Laugh on Every Page* not only supplies the needed two or three laughs, but gives many excess treatments every week, all for the one subscription price! Try it yourself for six months, or try our

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20. Foreign \$1.40). Send *LIFE* for the next ten weeks to

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One Year \$5

Canadian \$5.80

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(137)

## From a Successful Authoress

(In reply to a check for \$500—the first prize in *LIFE*'s last Picture Title Contest.)

NEVER since the beginning of time, my time, has anything so stupendously surprising and pleasing happened as this. To get a prize at all would have brought on a joy jag, but to get the prize is a complete knockout.

I have just recently finished three years of nurses' training and have hardly gotten over the thrill of my first pay check. It is altogether possible that five hundred dollars at one time will ruin me, "career" and all, as the *Liberty* man was ruined with his twenty thousand. I shall make an effort to conduct myself nearly enough within the realms of sanity so as not to have your too indulgent liberality censured by the humane society or some other keeper of morals. Please accept my thanks. I am sincerely and gratefully yours,

RUTH H. MORGAN.

Baltimore, Md.,

January 16, 1925.

## The Fourth Prize Winner

It has made me a little cocky to think that my suggestion was selected as one of four from one hundred thirty-eight thousand and Eddie Cantor.

It may interest you to know that I am a *struggling* young baritone and the fifty dollars helps to swell the fund for study in New York.

My thanks to *LIFE* and its judges. Sincerely,

BYRON G. WILDER.

Care of Washington Club,

January 13, 1925.

## Ultimate Reward

"WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies."  
'Twill be because I've tried each year  
To win *LIFE*'s Title prize.

ANON.

Buffalo, N. Y.,

Aftermath, January 15.

## To-day

(By the Poorest Paid Newspaper Writer in the World)

MUSSOLINI has ordered ten tons of dried fish from Abdul Ahem. But Italy has only a few flying men. What will her Navy do when the Assyrians sweep down upon Rome in aeroplanes, dropping deadly gases as they fly?

\* \* \*

An orphan girl has just died in Jason, Mich., leaving her rich mother a large fortune. Wealth is not everything. Money counts for something. Such children are the hope of the nation. A mother is worth more than a cruiser. In nine minutes one plane can destroy five cruisers, the weather being favorable. Roosevelt said, "In time of peace prepare for war." He was right. Preparedness is security. Yet Mesopotamia has two planes to our one.

\* \* \*

Rockefeller plays golf at eighty-five. Wonderful people, the French. John D. has given away another dime. That's public service. Several dimes would build and equip a nice airplane. New York can now be reduced to ashes in less than an hour with high explosives dropped from the clouds by enemy flyers. China has fewer planes to the square mile than any nation in the world except the United States. There's something to think about.

M. C.



Shave every day—be comfortable

# COLGATE'S

## for better shaving



What a difference a few years make in fashions! How absurd some of them seem to be, when we look backward!

Would we be willing to adopt the grotesque styles to which our grandfathers submitted? It would take a constitutional amendment, at least, to drive us to such things.

If the compelling purpose back of whiskers that reached from ear to ear, and skirts that left no room for doubt was to eliminate difficulty in telling the sexes apart, its effectiveness can hardly be questioned.

Here a disturbing thought intrudes. Since women have gone in for knickies and bobs and gubernatorial authority, it is conceivable that whiskers may in time have to serve again, as they served originally, to show that men are men.

The horror of such a possibility becomes evident when we see how the well-groomed man of today would look with such whiskers as were fashionable sixty years ago.

A clean shave daily makes a wonderful difference for the better. It has become a business, as well as a social requirement.



### TODAY—

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes a wonderful lather for easy and comfortable shaving.

It emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair of the beard, permitting moisture to penetrate and soften it at the base, where the razor's work is done.

You will realize as soon as you try it that Colgate's gives a better shave. It leaves the face soothed and velvety.

Thousands of men are turning daily to this new comfort in shaving.



COLGATE & CO.

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Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

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Let us send you a trial tube of this marvelous cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail the attached coupon, with 4c.

COLGATE & CO.

Established 1806

NEW YORK

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture